



Deserted Village. page 44.

Published as the Act directs Sept. 8. 1784. by J. Wenman Fleet Street



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P O E M S,

1485aaa20

B Y

DR. GOLDSMITH.



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P

THE

TRAVELLER:

OR,

PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.

HENRY

DEAR



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TO THE

REV. HENRY GOLDSMITH.

DEAR SIR,

I AM sensible that the friendship between us can acquire no new force from the ceremonies of a Dedication; and, perhaps, it demands an excuse thus to prefix your name to my attempts, which you decline giving with your own. But as a part of this poem was formerly written to you from Switzerland, the whole can now, with propriety, be only inscribed to you. It will also throw a light upon many parts of it, when the reader understands, that it is addressed to a man, who, despising fame and fortune, has retired early to happiness.

ness and obscurity, with an income of forty pounds a-year.

I now perceive, my dear brother, the wisdom of your humble choice. You have entered upon a sacred office, where the harvest is great, and the labourers are but few; while you have left the field of ambition, where the labourers are many, and the harvest not worth carrying away. But of all kinds of ambition, as things are now circumstanced, perhaps that which pursues poetical fame is the wildest. What from the increased refinement of the times, from the diversity of judgment produced by opposing systems of criticism, and from the more prevalent divisions of opinion influenced by party, the strongest and happiest efforts can expect to please but in a very narrow circle.

POETRY

POETRY makes a principal amusement among unpolished nations ; but in a country verging to the extremes of refinement, Painting and Music come in for a share. And as they offer the feeble mind a less laborious entertainment, they at first rival Poetry, and at length supplant her ; they engross all favour to themselves, and, tho' but younger sisters, seize upon the elder's birth-right.

YET, however this art may be neglected by the powerful, it is still in greater danger from the mistaken efforts of the learned to improve it. What criticisms have we not heard of late in favour of blank verse, and Pindaric odes, chorusses, anapests, and iambics, alliterative care and happy negligence ! Every absurdity has now a champion to defend it, and as he is generally much in the wrong, so he has

DEDICATION.

always much to say; for error is ever talkative.

BUT there is an enemy to this art still more dangerous, I mean party. Party entirely distorts the judgment, and destroys the taste. A mind capable of relishing general beauty, when once infected with this disease, can only find pleasure in what contributes to increase the distemper. Like the tyger, that seldom desists from pursuing man after having once preyed upon human flesh, the reader who has once gratified his appetite with calumny, makes, ever after, the most agreeable feast upon murdered reputation. Such readers generally admire some half-witted thing, who wants to be thought a bold man, having lost the character of a wise one. Him they dignify with the name of poet; his lampoons are called satires,

satires, his turbulence is said to be force, and his phrenzy fire.

WHAT reception a poem may find, which has neither abuse, party, nor blank verse to support it, I cannot tell, nor am I much solicitous to know. My aims are right.. Without espousing the cause of any party, I have attempted to moderate the rage of all. I have endeavoured to shew, that there may be equal happiness in other states, though differently governed from our own; that each state has a particular principle of happiness, and that this principle in each state, and in our own in particular, may be carried to a mischievous excess. There are few can judge better than yourself, how far these positions are illustrated in this poem.

I am, DEAR SIR,

Your most affectionate brother,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

1871

W. A. V. ...

and, and in this principle is only that

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THE
TRAVELLER:

OR, A
PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheld or wandering Po;
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door;
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste expanded to the skies,
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee;
Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

ETERNAL blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend;
Blest be that spot, where cheerful guests retire
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire;

Blest that abode where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair ;
Blest be those feasts where mirth and peace abound,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale,
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.

BUT me, not destin'd such delights to share,
My prime of life in wand'ring spent and care ;
Impell'd with steps unceasing, to pursue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view ;
That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet as I follow, flies ;
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own :
Ev'n now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend ;
And, plac'd on high above the storm's career,
Look downward where a hundred realms appear ;
Lakes, forests, cities, plains extended wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.

WHEN thus creation's charms around combine,
Amidst the store, should thankless pride repine ?

Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
That good, which makes each humbler bosom vain?
Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man;
And wiser he whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.
Ye glittering towns, with wealth and splendour
crown'd;
Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round;
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale;
Ye bending swains, that dress the flow'ry vale,
For me your tributary stores combine;
Creation's tenant, all the world is mine.

As some lone miser visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er;
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still:
Thus in my breast alternate passions rise,
Pleas'd with each good that heaven to man supplies:
Yet oft a sigh prevails and sorrows fall,
To see the sum of human bliss so small;
And oft I wish, amidst the scene to find
Some spot to real happiness consign'd,
Where my worn soul, each wand'ring hope at rest,
May gather bliss to see my fellows blest.

YET,

YET, where to find that happiest spot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know ?
The shudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own,
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long night of revelry and ease :
The naked savage, panting at the Line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave :
Nor less the patriot's boast where'er we roam,
His first, best country, ever is, at home.

AND yet, perhaps if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share ;
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind ;
As different good, by Art or Nature given
To different nations, makes their blessings even.

NATURE, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliss at Labour's earnest call ;
With food as well the peasant is supply'd
On Idra's cliffs as Arno's shelvy side :
And though the rocky crested summits frown,
These rocks, by custom, turn to beds of down.

FROM

THE TRAVELLER.

FROM Art more various are the blessings sent ;
Wealth, splendour, honour, liberty, content :
Yet these each other's power so strong contest,
That either seems destructive of the rest.
Hence every state, to one lov'd blessing prone,
Conforms and models life to that alone ;
Each to the favourite happiness attends,
And spurns the plan that aims at other ends ;
'Till, carried to excess in each domain,
This favourite good begets peculiar pain.

BUT let us view these truths with closer eyes,
And trace them through the prospect as it lies :
Here for a while, my proper cares resign'd,
Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind ;
Like yon neglected shrub at random cast,
That shades the steep, and sighs at every blast.

FAR to the right, where Appennine ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends :
Her uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride ;
While oft some temple's mould'ring top between,
With venerable grandeur marks the scene.

COULD Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely blest.
Whatever fruits in different climes are found,
That proudly rise or humbly court the ground ;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year ;
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives that blossom but to die ;
These here disporting own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil ;
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

BUT small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
And sensual bliss is all this nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
Men seem the only growth that dwindles here.
Contrasted faults thro' all their manners reign,
Tho' poor, luxurious ; tho' submissive, vain ;
Tho' grave, yet trifling ; zealous, yet untrue ;
And ev'n in penance planning sins a new.
All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind ;
For wealth was theirs ; nor far remov'd the date,
When Commerce proudly flourish'd thro' the state.

At

At her command the palace learnt to rise,
Again the long-fall'n column sought the skies;
The canvas glow'd beyond ev'n nature warm,
The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form.
But, more unsteady than the southern gale,
Soon Commerce turn'd on other shores her sail;
While nought remain'd of all that riches gave,
But towns unmann'd, and lords without a slave.

YET still the loss of wealth is here supply'd
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride;
From these the feeble heart and long-fall'n mind
An easy compensation seem to find.

Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp array'd,
The paste-board triumph and the cavalcade;
Processions form'd for piety and love,
A mistress or a saint in every grove.
By sports like these are all their cares beguil'd,
The sports of children satisfy the child;
At sports like these, while foreign arms advance,
In passive ease they leave the world to chance.

WHEN noble aims have suffer'd long controul,
They sink at last, or feebly man the soul;
While low delights, succeeding fast behind,
In happier meanness occupy the mind:

As in those domes where Cæsars once bore sway,
Defac'd by time and tottering in decay,
Amidst the ruin, heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed;
And wond'ring man could want the larger pile,
Exalts, and owns his cottage with a smile.

My soul, turn from them ; turn we to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display ;
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansions tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread.
No product here the barren hills afford,
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword ;
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter lingering chills the lap of May ;
No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.
Yet still, ev'n here, content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
Tho' poor the peasant's hut, his feasts tho' small,
He sees his little lot the lot of all ;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head
To shame the meanness of his humble shed ;
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal
To make him loath his vegetable meal ;

But.

But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each with contracting, fits him to the soil.
Cheerful at morn he wakes from short repose,
Breasts the keen air, and carols as he goes ;
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
Or drives his vent'rous plough-share to the steep ;
Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,
And drags the struggling savage into day.
At night returning, every labour sped,
He sits him down, the monarch of a shed ;
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze ;
While his lov'd partner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays the cleanly platter on the board ;
And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus every good his native wilds impart,
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart ;
And ev'n those hills that round his mansion rise,
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms ;
And as a babe, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast ;

So the loud torrent and the whirlwind's roar
But bind him to his native mountains more.

THESE are the charms to barren states assign'd,
Their wants are few, their wishes all confin'd.
Yet let them only share the praises due,
If few their wants, their pleasures are but few;
Since every want that stimulates the breast,
Becomes a source of pleasure when redrest:
Hence from such lands each pleasing science flies,
That first excites desire, and then supplies;
Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,
To fill the languid pause with finer joy;
Unknown those powers that raise the soul to flame,
Catch every nerve, and vibrate thro' the frame.
Their level life is but a smould'ring fire,
Nor quench'd by want, nor fann'd by strong desire;
Unfit for raptures, or, if raptures cheer
On some high festival of once a year,
In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
'Till, 'buried in debauch, the bliss expire.

BUT not their joys alone thus coarsely flow;
Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low:
For, as refinement stops, from fire to son
Unalter'd, unimprov'd, their manners run;

And

And love and friendship's finely pointed dart
Fall blunted from each indurated heart :
Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
May sit, like falcons cowering on the nest ;
But all the gentler morals, such as play
Through life's more cultur'd walks, and charm our
way,
These far dispers'd, on timorous pinions fly,
To sport and flatter in a kinder sky.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
We turn ; and France displays her bright domain.
Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleas'd with thyself, whom all the world can please ;
How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire !
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And freshen'd from the wave the zephyr flew ;
And haply, tho' my harsh touch faltering still,
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill ;
Yet would the village praise my wond'rous power,
And dance, forgetful of the noon-tide hour.
Alike all ages. Dames of antient days
Have led their children thro' the mirthful maze,
And the gay grandfire, skill'd in gestic lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burden of threescore.

'So bright a life these thoughtless realms display;
Thus idly busy rolls their world away :
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
For honour forms the social temper here.
Honour, that praise which real merit gains,
Or ev'n imaginary worth obtains,
Here passes current; paid from hand to hand,
It shifts in splendid-traffic round the land :
From courts to camps, to cottages it strays,
And all are taught an avarice of praise ;
They please, are pleas'd, they give to get esteem,
'Till, seeming flest, they grow to what they seem.

BUT while this softer art their bliss supplies,
It gives their follies also room to rise ;
For praise too dearly lov'd or warmly sought,
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought :
And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
Hence Ostentation here, with taudry art,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart ;
Here Vanity assumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robes of frieze with copper lace ;
Here beggar Pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boast one splendid banquet once a-year ;

The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies.
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad Ocean leans against the land,
And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride:
Onward methinks, and diligently flow,
The firm connected bulwark seems to go;
Spreads its long arms amidst the wat'ry roar;
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore:
While the pent Ocean rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile;
The slow canal, the yellow-blossom'd vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation rescu'd from his reign.

Thus, while around the wave-subjected soil
Impels the native to repeated toil,
Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
And industry begets a love of gain.
Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,

Are

Are here display'd. Their much-lov'd wealth im-
parts

Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts :

But view them closer, craft and fraud appear,

Ev'n liberty itself is barter'd here ;

At gold's superior charms all freedom flies,

The needy sell it, and the rich man buys :

A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,

Here wretches seek dishonourable graves ;

And calmly bent to servitude conform,

Dull as their lakes that sleep beneath the storm.

HEAVENS! how unlike their Belgic fires of old ;

Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold ;

War in each breast, and freedom on each brow ;

How much unlike the sons of Britain now !

FIR'D at the sound, my genius spreads her wing,

And flies where Britain courts the western spring ;

Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,

And brighter streams than fam'd Hydaspis glide.

There all around the gentlest breezes stray,

There gentle music melts on ev'ry spray ;

Creation's mildest charms are there combin'd,

Extremes are only in the master's mind.

Stern.

stern o'er each bosom Reason holds her state,
 With daring aims irregularly great;
 Pride in her port, defiance in her eye,
 See the lords of human kind pass by,
 Content on high designs, a thoughtful band,
 Whose forms unfashion'd fresh from Nature's hand;
 Perce in their native hardness of soul,
 True to imagin'd right, above controul;
 While ev'n the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
 And learns to venerate himself as man.

THINE, Freedom, thine the blessings pictur'd:
 here,

Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear;
 Too blest, indeed, were such without alloy;
 But foster'd ev'n by Freedom, ills annoy:
 That independence Britons prize too high,
 Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie;
 The self-dependent lordlings stand alone,
 All kindred claims that soften life unknown:
 Here by the bonds of nature feebly held,
 Minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd;
 Factions arise, imprison'd factions roar,
 Oppress'd Ambition struggles round her shore,
 Whilst over-wrought, the general system feels
 Its motion stopt, or phrenzy fires the wheels.

NOR this the worst. As social bonds decay,
 As duty, love, and honour fail to sway,
 Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
 Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
 Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
 And talents sink, and merit weeps unknown;
 Till time may come, when stript of all her charms
 That land of scholars, and that nurse of arms,
 Where noble stems transmit the patriot claim,
 And monarchs toil, and poets pant for fame,
 One sink of level avarice shall lie,
 And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonour'd die.

YET think not, thus when Freedom's ills I state
 I mean to flatter kings, or court the great.
 Ye powers of truth, that bid my soul aspire,
 Far from my bosom drive the low desire!
 And thou, fair Freedom, taught alike to feel
 The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry steel;
 Thou transitory flower, alike undone
 By cold contempt, or favour's fostering sun,
 Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure,
 I only would repress them to secure:
 For just experience tells in every soil,
 That those who think must govern those that toil.

And all that freedom's highest aims can reach,
Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each ;
Much on the low, the rest, as rank supplies,
Should in columnar diminution rise ;
While, should one order disproportion'd grow,
Its double weight must ruin all below.
O then how blind to all that truth requires,
Who think it Freedom when a part aspires !
Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
Except when fast approaching danger warms ;
But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
Contracting regal power to stretch their own ;
When I behold a factious band agree
To call it Freedom when themselves are free ;
Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law ;
The wealth of climes, where savage nations roam,
Pillag'd from slaves to purchase slaves at home ;
Fear, pity, justice, indignation start,
Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart ;
'Till half a patriot, half a coward grown,
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.

Yes, brother, curse with me that baleful hour,
When first ambition struck at regal power :

And thus polluting honour in its source,
Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force.
Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,
Her useful sons exchange'd for useless ore ?
Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,
Like flaring tapers brightening as they waste ;
Seen Opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
Lead stern Depopulation in her train ;
And, over fields where scatter'd hamlets rose,
In barren solitary pomp repose ?
Have we not seen, at Pleasure's lordly call,
The smiling long-frequented village fall ;
Beheld the duteous son, the fire decay'd,
The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
Forc'd from their homes, a melancholy train,
To traverse climes beyond the western main ;
Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
And Niagara stuns with thund'ring sound !

Ev'n now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays
Through tangled forests, and thro' dangerous ways ;
Where beasts with man divided empire claim,
And the brown Indian takes a deadly aim ;
There, while above the giddy tempest flies,
And all around distressful yells arise,

The pensive exile, bending with his woe,
To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,
Casts a fond look where England's glories shine,
And bids his bosom sympathize with mine.

VAIN, very vain, my weary search to find
That bliss which only centers in the mind :
Why have I stray'd from pleasure and repose,
To seek a good each government bestows?
In ev'ry government tho' terrors reign,
Tho' tyrant kings or tyrant laws restrain,
How small of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure !
Still to ourselves in ev'ry place consign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find ;
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel,
To men remote from power but rarely known,
Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all our own.

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THE

DESERTED VILLAGE.

JOSEPH

DEAR SIR

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T O

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

DEAR SIR,

I CAN have no expectations in an address of this kind, either to add to your reputation, or to establish my own. You can gain nothing from my admiration, as I am ignorant of that art in which you are said to excel; and I may lose much by the severity of your judgment, as few have a juster taste in poetry than you. Setting interest therefore aside, to which I never paid much attention, I must be indulged at present in following my affections. The only dedication I ever made was to my brother, because I loved him better than

B 5

than

most other men. He is since dead. Permit me to inscribe this Poem to you.

How far you may be pleased with the versification and mere mechanical parts of this attempt, I don't pretend to enquire; but I know you will object (and indeed several of our best and wisest friends concur in the opinion) that the depopulation it deplores is no where to be seen, and the disorders it laments are only to be found in the poet's own imagination. To this I can scarce make any other answer, than that I sincerely believe what I have written; that I have taken all possible pains, in my country excursions, for these four or five years past, to be certain of what I alledge; and that all my views and enquiries have led me to believe those miseries real, which I here attempt to display.

display. But this is not the place to enter into an enquiry whether the country be depopulating or not ; the discussion would take up much room, and I should prove myself, at best, an indifferent politician, to tire the reader with a long preface, when I want his unfatigued attention to a long poem.

IN regretting the depopulation of the country, I inveigh against the increase of our luxuries ; and here also I expect the shout of modern politicians against me. For twenty or thirty years past, it has been the fashion to consider luxury as one of the greatest national advantages ; and all the wisdom of antiquity in that particular, as erroneous. Still, however, I must remain a professed ancient on that head, and continue to think those luxuries prejudicial to states, by which so many vices are in-

troduced, and so many kingdoms have been undone. Indeed, so much has been poured out of late on the other side of the question, that merely for the sake of novelty and variety, one would sometimes wish to be in the right.

I am, dear Sir,

Your sincere friend and ardent admirer,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE

THE
DESERTED VILLAGE.

SWEET AUBURN, loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer the labouring swain ;
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delay'd ;
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every spot could please ;
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene !
How often have I paus'd on ev'ry charm,
The shelter'd cote, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighbouring hill,
The hawthorn-bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made ;
How often have I blest the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree ;

While

While many a pastime circled in the shade,
 The young contending as the old survey'd;
 And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
 And sleights of art and feats of strength went round;
 And still as each repeated pleasure tir'd,
 Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspir'd;
 The dancing pair that simply sought renown
 By holding out to tire each other down;
 The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
 While secret laughter titter'd round the place;
 The bashful virgin's side-long looks of love,
 The matron's glance that would those looks reprove;
 These were thy charms, sweet village; sports like
 these,

With sweet succession taught ev'n toil to please;
 These round thy bowers their chearful influence
 shed,
 These were thy charms — But all these charms are
 fled,

SWEET smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
 Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn!
 Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
 And desolation saddens all thy green;
 One only master grasps the whole domain,
 And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain!

No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But, choak'd with sedges, works its weedy way ;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest ;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries ;
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mould'ring wall ;
And trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

ILL fares the land, to hast'ning ill a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay ;
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade ;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made :
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd, can never be supply'd.

A TIME there was, ere England's griefs began,
When ev'ry rood of ground maintain'd its man ;
For him light Labour spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life requir'd, but gave no more ;
His best companions, Innocence and Health,
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

BUT

BUT times are alter'd ; Trade's unfeeling train
 Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain.
 Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
 Unwieldy Weath and cumbrous Pomp repose ;
 And ev'ry want to luxury ally'd,
 And ev'ry pang that folly pays to pride,
 Those gentle hours that Plenty bade to bloom,
 Those calm desires that ask'd but little room,
 Those healthful sports that grac'd the peaceful
 scene,
 Liv'd in each look, and brighten'd all the green ;
 These far departing seek a kinder shore,
 And rural mirth and manners are no more.

SWEET AUBURN ! parent of the blissful hour,
 Thy glades forlorn confess thy tyrant's power.
 Here as I take my solitary rounds,
 Amidst thy tangling walks, and ruin'd grounds,
 And, many a year elaps'd, return to view
 Where once the cottage stood, and hawthorn grew ;
 Here, as with doubtful, pensive steps I range,
 Trace every scene, and wonder at the change,
 Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
 Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

IN all my wand'ring round this world of care,
 In all my griefs — and God has given my share —

I still

I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
 Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
 My anxious day to husband near the close,
 And keep life's flame from wasting by repose:
 I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
 Amidst the swains to shew my book-learn'd skill;
 Around my fire an ev'ning group to draw,
 And tell of all I felt, and all I saw:
 And, as an hare whom hounds and horns pursue,
 Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
 I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
 Here to return—and die at home at last.

O BLEST retirement! friend to life's decline,
 Retreats from care that never must be mine,
 How blest is he who crowns in shades like these,
 A youth of labour with an age of ease;
 Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
 And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
 For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
 Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep;
 No surly porter stands in guilty state,
 To spurn imploring famine from his gate;
 But on he moves to meet his latter end,
 Angels around befriending virtue's friend;

Sinks

42 THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

Sinks to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way,
And all his prospects bright'ning at the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past!

SWEET was the sound, when oft at evening's
close,

Up yonder hill the village murmur rose :
There as I past with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came soften'd from below ;
The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,
The sober herd that low'd to meet their young ;
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school ;
The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whisp'ring
wind,

And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind ;
These all in soft confusion sought the shade,
And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale ;
No busy steps the grass-grown foot-way tread,
But all their blooming flush of life is fled ;
All but yon widow'd solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring :

She,

She, wretched matron, forc'd, in age, for bread,
 To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread ;
 To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,
 To seek her nightly shed, and weep 'till morn ;
 She only left of all the harmless train,
 The sad historian of the pensive plain.

NEAR yonder copse, where once the garden
 smil'd,

And still where many a garden flower grows wild ;
 There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
 The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
 A man he was, to all the country dear,
 And passing rich with forty pounds a year ;
 Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
 Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change his
 place ;
 Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
 By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour ;
 Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
 More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
 His house was known to all the vagrant train,
 He chid their wand'rings, but reliev'd their pain :
 The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
 Whose beard descending swept his aged breast ;
 The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
 Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd :

The

The broken foldier, kindly bade to stay,
 Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away ;
 Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
 Shoulder'd his crutch, and shew'd how fields were
 won.

Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learnt to
 glow,
 And quite forgot their vices in their woe ;
 Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
 His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
 And ev'n his failings lean'd to Virtue's side ;
 But in his duty prompt at every call,
 He watch'd and wept, he pray'd, and felt for all :
 And as a bird each fond endearment tries,
 To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies ;
 He try'd each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
 Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
 And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
 The reverend champion stood. At his controul,
 Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;
 Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
 And his last fault'ring accents whisper'd praise.

AT church, with meek and unaffected grace,
 His looks adorn'd the venerable place ;
 Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
 And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
 The service past, around the pious man
 With ready zeal each honest rustic ran ;
 Ev'n children follow'd with endearing wile,
 And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's
 smile :

His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd,
 Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distress'd ;
 To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
 But all his serious thoughts had rest in heav'n :
 As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
 Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
 Tho' round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
 Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

BESIDE yon straggling fence that skirts the way
 With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,
 There, in his noisy mansion skill'd to rule,
 The village master taught his little school :
 A man severe he was, and stern to view,
 I knew him well, and every truant knew :

Well

46 THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

Well had the boding tremblers learnt to trace
 The day's disasters in his morning face ;
 Full well they laugh'd, with counterfeited glee,
 At all his jokes, for many a joke had he ;
 Full well the busy whisper circling round,
 Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd :
 Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
 The love he bore to learning was in fault.
 The village all declar'd how much he knew ;
 'Twas certain he could write, and cypher too :
 Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
 And ev'n the story ran that he could gauge ; -
 In arguing, too, the parson own'd his skill,
 For ev'n tho' vanquish'd, he could argue still :
 While words of learned length, and thund'ring
 sound,

Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around :
 And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew,
 That one small head could carry all he knew.
 But past is all his fame. The very spot
 Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot.

NEAR yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
 Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
 Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts
 inspir'd,
 Where grey-beard mirth and smiling toil retir'd ;

Where

Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,

And news much older than their ale went round.

Imagination fondly stoops to trace

The parlour splendours of that festive place ;

The white-wash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,

The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door ;

The chest contriv'd a double debt to pay,

A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day ;

The pictures plac'd for ornament and use,

The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose ;

The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,

With aspen boughs, and flow'rs, and fennel gay ;

While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,

Rang'd o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.

VAIN transitory splendours ! Could not all
Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall !

Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart

An hour's importance to the poor man's heart.

Thither no more the peasant shall repair

To sweet oblivion of his daily care ;

No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,

No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail ;

No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,

Relax his ponderous strength, and learn to hear ;

The

The host himself no longer shall be found
 Careful to see the mantling blifs go round;
 Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,
 Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

YET let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
 These simple blessings of the lowly train;
 To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
 One native charm, than all the gloss of art.
 Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,
 The soul adopts, and own their first-born sway;
 Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
 Unenvied, unmolested, unconfin'd:
 But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
 With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd,
 In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
 The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;
 And, ev'n while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
 The heart, distrusting, asks if this be joy.

YE friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey
 The rich man's joys encrease, the poor's decay,
 'Tis yours to judge, how wide the limits stand
 Between a splendid and a happy land.
 Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
 And shouting Folly hails them from her shore;

Hoards,

Boards, ev'n beyond the miser's wish abound,
 And rich men flock from all the world around.
 Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name
 That leaves our useful products still the same.
 Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride
 Takes up a space that many poor supply'd ;
 Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
 Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds :
 The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth,
 Has robb'd the neighbouring fields of half their
 growth ;

His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
 Indignant spurns the cottage from the green :
 Around the world each needful product flies,
 For all the luxuries the world supplies.
 While thus the land adorn'd for pleasure all,
 In barren splendour feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female unadorn'd and plain,
 Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
 Slights every borrow'd charm that dress supplies,
 Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes ;
 But when those charms are past, for charms are
 frail,
 When time advances, and when lovers fail,

She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
 In all the glaring impotence of dress :
 Thus fares the land, by luxury betray'd,
 In Nature's simplest charms at first array'd ;
 But verging to decline, its splendours rise,
 Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise ;
 While, scourg'd by famine, from the smiling land
 The mournful peasant leads his humble band ;
 And, while he sinks without one arm to save,
 The country blooms—a garden and a grave.

WHERE then, ah, where shall poverty reside,
 To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride ?
 If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd,
 He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
 Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
 And ev'n the bare-worn common is deny'd.

If to the city sped—what waits him there ?
 To see profusion that he must not share ;
 To see ten thousand baneful arts combin'd,
 To pamper luxury, and thin mankind ;
 To see each joy the sons of pleasure know,
 Extorted from his fellow-creatures woe.
 Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
 There the pale artist plies the sickly trade ;

Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomps
display,

There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.

The dome where Pleasure holds her midnight reign,

Here richly deck'd admits the gorgeous train ;

Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,

The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.

Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy !

Sure these denote one universal joy !

Are these thy serious thoughts ?—Ah, turn thine
eyes

Where the poor houseless shiv'ring female lies ;

She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,

Has wept at tales of innocence distressed ;

Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,

Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn ;

Now lost to all her friends, her virtue fled,

Near her betrayer's door she lays her head ;

And pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the
snow,

With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,

When idly first, ambitious of the town,

She left her wheel and robes of country brown.

Do thine, sweet AUBURN, thine, the loveliest
train,

Do thy fair tribes participate her pain ?

Ev'n now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread !

Alas ! no. To distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
To torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far different there from all that charm'd before,
The various terrors of that horrid shore ;
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day ;
Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling ;
Those poisonous fields with rank luxuriance crown'd,
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around ;
Where, at each step, the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake ;
Where crouching tygers wait their hapless prey,
And savage men, more murder'ous still than they ;
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravag'd landscape with the skies.
Far different these from ev'ry former scene,
The cooling brook, the grassy-vested green,
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only shelter'd thefts of harmless love.

Good heaven! what sorrows gloom'd that part-
ing day,

That call'd them from their native walks away;
When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
Hung round their bowers, and fondly look'd their
last,

And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main;
And, shudd'ring still to face the distant deep,
Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep.
The good old fire, who first prepar'd to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for others woe;
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wish'd for worlds beyond the grave.
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for her father's arms.
With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
And blest the cot where every pleasure rose;
And kiss'd her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
And clasp'd them close, in sorrow doubly dear;
While her fond husband strove to lend relief
In all the decent manliness of grief.

34 THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

O LUXURY ! Thou curst by heav'n's decree,
 How ill exchang'd are things like these for thee !
 How do thy potions with insidious joy
 Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy !
 Kingdoms by thee to sickly greatness grown,
 Boast of a florid vigour not their own ;
 At ev'ry draught more large and large they
 grow,
 A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe ;
 Till sapp'd their strength, and every part unsound,
 Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

Ev'n now the devastation is begun,
 And half the business of destruction done ;
 Ev'n now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,
 I see the Rural Virtues leave the land :
 Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail
 That idly waiting flaps with ev'ry gale,
 Downward they move, a mēlancholy band,
 Past from the shore, and darken all the strand :
 Contented Toil, and hospitable Care,
 And kind Connubial Tenderness, are there ;
 And Piety with wishes plac'd above,
 And steady Loyalty, and faithful Love.

AND thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
 Still first to fly where sensuall joys invade ;

Unfit

Unfit, in these degenerate times of shame,
 To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame !
 Dear charming nymph, neglected and decry'd,
 My shame in crowds, my solitary pride ;
 Then source of all my bliss and all my woe,
 That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so !
 Thou guide by which the nobler arts excel,
 Thou nurse of ev'ry virtue, fare thee well !
 Farewell ! and Oh ! where'er thy voice be try'd,
 On Torno's cliff, or Pambamarca's side ;
 Whether where equinoctial fervours glow,
 Or winter wraps the polar world in snow ;
 Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
 Redress the rigours of th' inclement clime ;
 And slighted Truth with thy persuasive strain
 Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain ;
 Teach him that states of native strength possess,
 Though very poor, may still be very blest ;
 That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
 As ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away ;
 While self-dependent power can time defy,
 As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

EDWIN AND ANGELINA

A B A L L A D.

"TURN, gentle hermit of the dale,

" And guide my lonely way

" To where yon taper cheers the vale

" With hospitable ray.

" For here forlorn and lost I tread,

" With fainting step and slow ;

" Where wilds immeasurably spread,

" Seem lengthening as I go."

" Forbear, my son," the hermit cries,

" To tempt the dangerous gloom ;

" For yonder phantom only flies

" To lure thee to thy doom.

" Here

"Here to the houseless child of want

" My door is open still ;

" And tho' my portion is but scant,

" I give it with good will.

" Then turn to-night, and freely share

" Whate'er my cell bestows ;

" My rushy couch and frugal fare,

" My blessing and repose.

" No flocks that range the valley free,

" To slaughter I condemn ;

" Taught by that Power that pities me,

" I learn to pity them.

" But from the mountain's grassy side

" A guiltless feast I bring ;

" A scrip with herbs and fruits supply'd,

" And water from the spring.

" Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego ;

" For earth-born cares are wrong ;

" Man wants but little here below,

" Nor wants that little long."

Soft as the dew from heav'n descends,

His gentle accents fell :

The modest stranger lowly bends,

And follows to the cell.

Far shelter'd in a glade obscure
 The lonely mansion lay ;
 A refuge to the neighbouring poor
 And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
 Requir'd a master's care ;
 The wicket opening with a latch,
 Receiv'd the harmless pair.

And now when busy crowds retire
 To take their ev'ning rest,
 The hermit trimm'd his little fire,
 And cheer'd his pensive guest ;

And spread his vegetable store,
 And gayly press'd and smil'd ;
 And skill'd in legendary lore,
 The ling'ring hours beguil'd.

Around in sympathetic mirth
 Its tricks the kitten tries ;
 The cricket chirrups in the hearth ;
 The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart
 To soothe the stranger's woe ;
 For grief was heavy at his heart,
 And tears began to flow :

His rising cares the hermit spy'd,

With answering care oppress :

"And whence, unhappy youth," he cry'd,

"The sorrows of thy breast ?

"From better habitations spurn'd,

"Reluctant dost thou rove ;

"Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,

"Or unregarded love ?

"Alas ! the joys that fortune brings,

"Are trifling, and decay ;

"And those who prize the paltry things,

"More trifling still than they.

"And what is friendship but a name,

"A charm that lulls to sleep ;

"A shade that follows wealth or fame,

"But leaves the wretch to weep ?

"And love is still an emptier sound,

"The modern fair one's jest ;

"On earth unseen, or only found

"To warm the turtle's nest.

"For shame, fond youth, thy sorrows hush,

"And spurn the sex," he said :

But while he spoke, a rising blush

His love-lorn guest betray'd.

60 EDWIN AND ANGELINA.

Surpris'd he sees new beauties rise,
Swift mantling to the view ;
Like colours o'er the morning skies,
As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising blush,
Alternate spread alarms ;
The lovely stranger stands confess
A maid in all her charms.

And, " Ah, forgive a stranger rude,
" A wretch forlorn," she cried ;
" Whose feet unhallow'd thus intrude
" Where heav'n and you reside.

" But let a maid thy pity share,
" Whom love has taught to stray :
" Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
" Companion of her way.

" My father liv'd beside the Tyne,
" A wealthy lord was he ;
" And all his wealth was mark'd as mine ;
" He had but only me.

" To win me from his tender arms,
" Unnumber'd suitors came ;
" Who prais'd me for imputed charms,
" And felt, or feign'd a flame.

" Each

- " Each hour a mercenary crowd
 " With richest proffers strove ;
 " Among the rest young Edwin bow'd,
 " But never talk'd of love.

 " In humble, simplest habit clad,
 " Nor wealth nor power had he ;
 " A constant heart was all he had,
 " But that was all to me.

 " The blossom opening to the day,
 " The dews of heav'n refin'd,
 " Could nought of purity display,
 " To emulate his mind.

 " The dew, the blossom on the tree,
 " With charms inconstant shine ;
 " Their charms were his, but woe to me,
 " Their constancy was mine.

 " For still I try'd each fickle art,
 " Importunate and vain ;
 " And while his passion touch'd my heart,
 " I triumph'd in his pain :

 " 'Till quite dejected with my scorn,
 " He left me to my pride ;
 " And sought a solitude forlorn,
 " In secret, where he dy'd.

" But

62 EDWIN AND ANGELINA.

" But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,

" And well my life shall pay ;

" I'll seek the solitude he sought,

" And stretch me where he lay.

" And there forlorn, despairing hid,

" I'll lay me down and die :

" 'Twas so for me that Edwin did,

" And so for him will I."

" Forbid it, heav'n !" the hermit cry'd,

And clasp'd her to his breast :

The wond'ring fair-one turn'd to chide :

'Twas Edwin's self that prest.

" Turn, Angelina, ever dear,

" My charmer, turn to see

" Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,

" Restor'd to love and thee.

" Thus let me hold thee to my heart,

" And ev'ry care resign,"

" And shall we never, never part,

" My life——my all that's mine ?"

" No, never, from this hour to part,

" We'll live and love so true :

" The sigh that rends thy constant heart,

" Shall break thy Edwin's too."

T H E
DOUBLE TRANSFORMATION.
A T A L E.

SECLUDED from domestic strife,
Jack Bookworm liv'd a college life;
A Fellowship at twenty-five
Made him the happiest man alive;
He drank his glass, and crack'd his joke,
And Freshmen wonder'd as he spoke;
Without politeness aim'd at breeding,
And laugh'd at pedantry and reading.

Such pleasures, unallay'd with care,
Could any accident impair?
Could Cupid's shaft at length transfix
Our swain arriv'd at thirty-six?
O had the archer ne'er come down
To ravage in a country town!
Or Flavia been content to stop
At triumphs in a Fleet-street shop!
O had her eyes forgot to blaze!
Or Jack had wanted eyes to gaze!

O! — But let exclamation cease,
Her presence banish'd all his peace.

Our alter'd Parson now began
To be a perfect ladies man;
Made sonnets, lisp'd his sermons o'er,
And told the tales he told before,
Of bailiffs pump'd and proctors bit,
At college how he shew'd his wit;
And, as the fair one still approv'd,
He fell in love — or thought he lov'd.
So with decorum all things carried,
Miss frown'd, and blush'd, and then was — marry'd.

NEED we expose to vulgar sight
The raptures of the bridal night?
Need we intrude on hallow'd ground,
Or draw the curtains clos'd around?
Let it suffice, that each had charms;
He clasp'd a goddess in his arms;
And tho' she felt his visage rough,
Yet in a man 'twas well enough.

THE honey-moon like lightning flew,
The second brought its transports too:
A third, a fourth was not amiss,
The fifth was friendship mix'd with bliss:

But,

But, when a twelve-month pass'd away,
Jack found his goddess made of clay ;
Found half the charms that deck'd her face,
Arose from powder, shreds, or lace :
But still the worst remain'd behind,
That very face had robb'd her mind,

SKILL'D in no other art was she,
But dressing, patching, repartee ;
And, just as humour rose or fell,
By turns a flattern or a belle :
'Tis true, she dress'd with modern grace,
Half-naked at a ball or race ;
But when at home, at board or bed,
Five greasy night-caps wrapt her head,
Could so much beauty condescend
To be a dull domestic friend ?
Could any curtain-lectures bring
To decency so fine a thing ?
In short, by night, 'twas fits or fretting ;
By day, 'twas gadding or coquetting.

Now tawdry madam kept a bevy
Of powder'd coxcombs at her levee ;
The 'squire and captain took their stations,
And twenty other near relations :
Jack suck'd his pipe, and often broke
A sigh in suffocating smoke ;

She,

66 DOUBLE TRANSFORMATION.

She, in her turn, became perplexing,
 And found substantial blifs in vexing.
 Thus ev'ry hour was pass'd between
 Insulting repartee or spleen.
 Each day, the more her faults were known,
 He thinks her features coarser grown;
 He fancies ev'ry vice she shews
 Or thins her lips, or points her nose :
 Whenever rage or envy rise,
 How wide her mouth, how wild her eyes!
 He knows not how, but so it is,
 Her face is grown a knowing phiz ;
 And tho' her fops are wond'rous civil,
 He thinks her ugly as the devil.

Thus, to perplex the ravell'd noose,
 While each a different way pursues,
 While sullen or loquacious strife
 Promis'd to hold on for life,
 That dire Disease, whose ruthless power
 Withers the beauty's transient flower,
 Lo ! the small-pox, with horrid glare,
 Levell'd its terrors at the fair ;
 And, rifling every youthful grace,
 Left but the remnant of a face.

THE glass, grown hateful to her sight,
Reflected now a perfect fright ;
Each former art she vainly tries
To bring back lustre to her eyes.
In vain she tries her pastes and creams,
To smooth her skin, or hide its seams ;
Her country beaux and city cousins,
Lovers no more, flew off by dozens :
The 'squire himself was seen to yield,
And ev'n the captain quit the field.

Poor Madam, now condemn'd to hack
The rest of life with anxious Jack,
Perceiving others fairly flown,
Attempted pleasing him alone.
Jack soon was dazzled to behold
Her present face surpass the old ;
With modesty her cheeks are dy'd,
Humility displaces pride :
For taudry finery is seen
A person ever neatly clean :
No more presuming on her sway,
She learns good-nature every day.
Serenely gay and strict in duty,
Jack finds his wife a perfect beauty.

A NEW SIMILE,

IN THE MANNER OF SWIFT.

LONG had I sought in vain to find
 A likeness for the scribbling kind;
 The modern scribbling kind, who write,
 In wit, and sense, and nature's spite:
 'Till reading, I forgot what day on,
 A chapter out of Tooke's Pantheon,
 I think I met with something there,
 To suit my purpose to a hair:
 But let us not proceed too furious,
 First please to turn to God Mercurius;
 You'll find him pictur'd at full length
 In book the second, page the tenth:
 The stress of all my proofs on him I lay,
 And now proceed we to our simile,

IMPRIMIS, pray observe his hat,
 Wings upon either side — mark that.
 Well! what is it from thence we gather?
 Why these denote a brain of feather. —
 A brain of feather! Very right;
 With wit that's flighty, learning light;
 Such as to modern bard's decreed.
 A just comparison — proceed,

In the next place, his feet peruse,
 Wings grow again from both his shoes;
 Design'd, no doubt, their part to bear,
 And waft his godship through the air;
 And here my simile unites,
 For in a modern poet's flights,
 I'm sure it may be justly said,
 His feet are useful as his head.

LASTLY, vouchsafe t'observe his hand,
 Fill'd with a snake-incircled wand;
 By classic authors term'd caduces,
 And highly fam'd for several uses.
 To wit — most wond'rously endu'd,
 No poppy-water half so good;
 For let folks only get a touch,
 Its soporific virtue's such,
 Tho' ne'er so much awake before,
 That quickly they begin to snore.
 Add too, what certain writers tell
 With this he drives mens' souls to hell.

Now to apply begin we then;
 His wand's a modern author's pen;
 The serpents round about it twin'd,
 Denote him of the reptile kind;

Denote

Denote the rage with which he writes,
 His frothy flaver, venom'd bites.
 An equal semblance still to keep,
 Alike they both conduce to sleep :
 This difference only, as the God
 Drove souls to Tart'rus with his rod ;
 With his goose-quill the scribbling elf,
 Instead of others, damns himself.

AND here my simile almost tript,
 Yet grant a word by way of postscript.
 Moreover, Merc'ry had a failing.
 Well ! what of that ? Out with it—Stealing ;
 In which all modern bards agree,
 Being each as great a thief as he :
 But ev'n this deity's existence
 Shall lend my simile assistance.
 Our modern bards ! why, what a pox
 Are they but senseless stones and blocks !



AN ELEGY on the DEATH of a MAD-DOG.

GOOD people all of ev'ry sort,
 Give ear unto my song ;
 And if you find it wond'rous short,
 It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man,
Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran,
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes ;
The naked every day he clad,
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends ;
But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain his private ends,
Went mad, and bit the man.

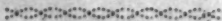
Around from all the neighbouring streets
The wond'ring neighbours ran ;
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seem'd both sore and sad,
To every Christian eye ;
And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.

But

72 A S O N G.

But soon a wonder came to light,
That shew'd the rogues they lied ;
The man recover'd of the bite,
The dog it was that died.



S O N G.

W H E N lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray ;
What charm can sooth her melancholy ?
What art can wash her guilt away ?
The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom——is to die.

THE END OF GOLDSMITH'S POEMS.



